

2022

## Ode to Athene

Carl Quist

*College of the Holy Cross*, [caquis23@g.holycross.edu](mailto:caquis23@g.holycross.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/parnassus-j>



Part of the [Classics Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Quist, Carl (2022) "Ode to Athene," *Parnassus: Classical Journal*: Vol. 9, Article 3.

Available at: <https://crossworks.holycross.edu/parnassus-j/vol9/iss1/3>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Classics Department at CrossWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Parnassus: Classical Journal by an authorized editor of CrossWorks.

Ode to Athene

Carl Quist

Grey-eyed Athene whose flashing gaze  
Promises vict'ry as to Theseus from the maze,  
Mere shelter I beg thee from my unrest  
That though not dead I may be by thee blest.

For while I live tis true that fates may yet  
Fickly all comfort, family, wealth beset.  
Call no man happy till lays he dead,  
For while they spin, disaster must he dread.

Yet she who Telemachus once guided,  
She whose shield with Gorgon's head is stud,  
Can be trusted among gods to be sure  
That he who by her name rules will endure.

Promachos she, whose flinty countenance  
The terror of giants, hurling mount'nous  
Rock at Cronos-born Enceladus slain,  
His earth-shaking rancor to swift contain.

And the boy she led to Pylia's house  
His father to know and suitors to douse  
That no boy may he be, but royal prince;  
His island rule and forebear apt evince.

To me the same aid grant, Atrytone,  
And deliver me from the fatal fray  
I ask the sage goddess for safe return;  
Do not my humble appeal meanly spurn.

Happy make me, queenly warrior, and wise,  
And wealthy too, give me the golden prize,  
Healthful never to need a walking-crutch,  
But, if I ask her majesty too much,

Then else within her city to dwell,  
And while I live to do so well,

So when I die, the happiest to be,  
Who napped shaded 'neath her olive tree.